

A MISTAKE AND A MISS

By ARTHUR W. PEACH

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The manager of the Avenue Garage turned with an anxious face from the telephone. He looked across at the neat, well-dressed young fellow lounging in his office.

"By George! I'm in for it! I agreed to have my best driver here for a party this afternoon, and I haven't got a man on the place; and here's a call from the best customer I have. I can't go myself."

The young fellow straightened up. "Look not so worried, Gleason, why wouldn't I do?"

The manager stared, then his anxious face eased. "Hilton, if you will do this for me, I'll be your slave for the next decade. But if you go, remember you aren't driving that big speeder of yours, and forget, too, that you are the only son of a multi-millionaire, and remember that you aren't to talk unless you're asked to. But if you will help me out—I will remember it, I assure you."

"Oh, I'm game; it's a new kind of a lark; and I will remember."

A little later, as he seated himself in the big touring car, in a snug chauffeur's uniform, he turned to Gleason. "I guess I'll keep the goggles on, so if I should happen to meet some of my friends. Now where is it?"

"1937 First avenue—"

"What? Why, man alive, there's where a girl lives whom I have been trying to convince that I am just the right guy to marry. Jephoeaph! I don't know—about this—"

"Well, don't take the chance then—"

Hilton sat up. "Take a chance—I never let one go by. So long."

The big car murmured out of the roadway into the smooth avenue and he sent it humming down the broad street. He knew that he would have to play his cards well to escape detection, for the eyes of Alice Vernon, gentle and blue as they were, were keen. If she discovered him masquerading at her expense, he thought to himself, it would be one long good-night with an exclamation point in heavy type. He drew his heavy goggles far down over his eyes, sunk as much of his six feet as he could into the seat, drew the hat down until it hid the kinks in his hair, and drew up in front of the residence of Senator Vernon.

A maid had evidently been on the watch, for in a few minutes the trim, girlish figure of the girl he loved came lightly down the broad steps, and was handed into the car by the footman. Hilton thanked his stars that she gave him not a glance. His hand went to the brakes, then paused on her order.

Hilton swore softly and tenderly under his breath; for coming serenely toward him was his most earnest rival, Sidney Farland. Hilton wondered what was going to happen; he found out. A sweet voice behind him said: "Good morning, Sidney, I am going for a little spin out and back; are you going down?"

Hilton hoped to heaven that he never appeared so eager for an invitation or accepted one as eagerly as Farland did.

They rolled off, Farland chatting behind him in his eager, impetuous way, and Hilton, himself, humped down in his seat feeling like swearing impetuously. It was a pretty how-do-you-do—acting as chauffeur for a sweetheart and a rival.

He listened to the merry chatter behind him, and the gall in his thoughts grew bitter. He, himself, even came up for a topic of conversation, and she said little. Farland very industriously went on to amplify into little details the miserable story that he had heard was going the rounds about him—all a lie. Hilton was sure he had found out who was industrious in spreading it; but the thought did not serve to sweeten his viewpoint on life.

As they drew near the streets leading to the business section, Hilton was in hopes that Farland would ask to be dropped, but far from it, and the next thing he knew, she was asking him to go with her on the spin.

They whirled out onto the smooth state road. It was a glorious day—just the kind of a day to make hearts beat faster, especially hearts that are in love.

Hilton heard the voices behind him grow a little lower after a while; under the rules he should have been busily thinking of other things; but his conscience did not trouble him, and he listened with all the power of hearing he could muster.

There was no doubt about it, he said to himself, Farland was going to propose to her. The thought sent a chill through him. Alice had not been very kind toward him the last few weeks, and he had heard that Farland had a good show. Softly he heard the voices running on behind him.

"All there is to it, Alice," Farland was saying. "I care more for you than any other girl in the world. I am in a position to prove that. One thing is certain: There is no one else who does love you as I do," he added earnestly.

A sweet clear voice said: "Well, I have others, you know. There is Glenn Hilton."

"Pooh! He?" Alice, he cares for nothing except a clear road and that big French racer of his. Besides, there are other reasons why he doesn't—"

"Yes, I know. Really, I care very

little for him. He is so sure—so sure, though, that I care for him."

Hilton groaned as he heard the last. But he listened.

"You don't suppose our chauffeur is ill, do you? I just heard him make a funny noise."

"No, he was clearing his throat. Alice, please look at the matter seriously. It is the biggest thing in the world to me. Give me a bit of encouragement."

"Sidney, as I have said, I like you, and it wouldn't take much to change the l and the n for o and a v—no—wait, not here!"

Hilton shut his teeth. His mind was firm. If she started to give Farland a definite answer, he would chuck the machine into the ditch.

There was silence a moment, then she said: "Sidney, I guess I might as well say—"

Then she screamed, and Farland shouted. Hilton brought the big car up in the ditch with a jerk, and immediately fell to rubbing his right wrist. "Pardon—but I have a cramp—in my wrist." He moved around, doubled up, and gasping. "I guess—you'll have to drive this—car—back, sir," he gasped to Farland where the other stood evidently swearing under his breath. "This—put—my—arm—out—of commission!"

"Well, get in—confound it!" Farland said.

Hilton, still bent over with anguish, climbed into the seat beside the driver's and off they whirled.

Not a word was spoken, but Farland looked at him once as if he would like to have cracked his skull; and Hilton was thankful that the big goggles hid his face.

When near the business section she asked Hilton if he felt better, and Hilton immediately agreed, with the result that they changed places. Farland going into the back seat. But Hilton knew that Farland had missed his opportunity.

At the corner from which they turned up the Avenue she ordered Hilton to stop so that Farland might have a shorter distance to go to his office, as she phrased it; and Farland left, after receiving permission to call that evening.

Up the Avenue to her door they swept. He brought the machine to a standstill and sat quiet staring straight ahead. The footman came hurrying down, and to Hilton's surprise was ordered back.

When the door closed, out of the corner of his eye he saw the dainty figure step around beside him, and a bomb greater than any that ever exploded in a man's knowledge blew up right there.

"Glenn Hilton, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Sad music, please, he said to himself, then to her—"For heaven's sake, Alice, don't scold me; I've suffered as I never did before." Her face was calm and cold.

"I did this to help out Gleason; there wasn't a man available up there. I didn't know you were going to ask Farland; and I didn't suppose you would recognize me!"

She looked at his begoggled face still coldly, though there was a strained appearance about her expression. He went on hastily. "But I've learned the truth."

Then she laughed as if immensely pleased. "Why, foolish, I knew it was you from the moment you appeared and whirled that car up as only you can; then those little teeny, tiny curls under your cap—a woman's eyes can see. You didn't fool me a moment."

Then her face softened, strangely, wonderfully. "It was foolish of you to run the car into the ditch when you did for I was going to say—"

"What?" he gasped.

She slipped back from the machine to the steps. Something in the glint of her eyes, the pulse of her figure made him grip the wheel tight. "Just opposite what I shall say to you, if you will come up tonight thirty minutes after Farland." Then she disappeared.

A few motor-cops eyed the big touring car that came down the avenue keenly, and peeked at shining instruments, quickly; at the garage corner, a few pedestrians breathed prayers of relief where they did not curse volubly and soulfully; a moment later the manager of the Avenue Garage was begging for mercy as a big six-foot pounded him in the back, and called him endearing names, punctuated with words of gratitude.

Lepers in Revolt.

Japan is having a great many strikes just now, but perhaps the strangest is that of the lepers at Kameyama hospital, Tokio. The hospital was founded and is conducted by a society of French monks, and contains about three hundred leper patients. The costs of the establishment are paid by voluntary subscriptions and by the sale of the produce of the hospital garden and handiwork of the patients. The latter receive no payment for their services, beyond their board, and lodging and medical attendance, and a small sum for pocket money, which is calculated at the rate of a farthing a day. Recently the lepers demanded an increase in their pocket money allowance to a half-penny a day, and on the refusal of the father superiorintendent they struck work, and over a hundred escaped from the hospital by night by climbing over the wall. They were subsequently recaptured by the local police and reconducted to the care of the monks.

In Self-Defense.

Bacon—Why do the hens go to roost so early?

Egbert—To get some rest. Haven't you noticed how early the roosters begin crowing?

Principles More Than Life

Pathway of American History Written in Blood and Sacrifice.

LIFE is dear to all of us, and the Almighty meant it to be; but principle, and especially religious principles, are a greater treasure than life. Somehow or other it seems that all great principles have made their way up over the sacrificed lives of martyrs in the right. The pathway of American history is written in the blood and sacrifice of the fathers from Plymouth Rock to now; so of the Church. The torture and the stake have been the steps to the freedom of religion from the shackles of religious tyranny. What a wonderful path the path of history is! When a man or a woman loves principle more than self or life, there will be an effort to establish it. Had not the founders of our State and Church stood for the principles of free government and conscientious action in religion, neither our present glorious State or Christian civilization would ever have been attained.

Religion is nothing without the truth. Ancient history shows that all teaching, philosophy and worship were false and vain without revelation. All the progress of modern times in the greatest nations of the world is due to the presence and spirit and influence of the truth of revelation and of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. So, when this is committed to us with this injunction, "Go ye into all the world," it is not for us to question expense, labor or results. Our work and mission is to act. This refers to women as well as to men. And, indeed, this experience is essential to the development of a true disciplinship in each individual man or woman. Hence we urge upon laymen and laywomen to identify themselves with this noble cause. First, for the sake of the truth, for the sake of the kingdom of God, that it may be spread abroad upon the whole earth. And then, second, for the reflex influence upon yourself. This kind of work is necessary for the development of the truest kind of a religious spirit. If we are not working for others or for the kingdom, we grow selfish and diminish our personal enjoyment of religion.

Barriers to Success. Activity is as essential in religion as in physical and mental growth. Loving life and loving self is our greatest barrier to success in all undertakings, and as well in religion. Had our fathers and mothers in the life of the Christian church or of the State loved their lives more than the principles for which they stood, what would have become of civil and religious liberty? Now we can look all the way back to Abraham, Moses, the prophets, and apostles, and coming down through centuries we find along the pages of history the lives of saints, patriots and martyrs that went out on the altar of principle. Men and women of the twentieth century, the principle is the same. We must take an active part in the development of character, patriotism, church work, and the spread of the Gospel if we are to save the nations, the Christian church, and even our own lives. Principle must be elevated over life.

This is the greatest and most momentous age in history. If we are ever going to save the world, it must be now. Over the graves of patriots, heroes, prophets, martyrs, apostles and missionaries may be written these words: "They loved not their lives unto death. Patriots bleeding, wounded, and suffering and thirsty and faint lay all day and night on the battlefield or behind prison walls that you might enjoy a goodly country and a prosperous and happy life and home. Saints and martyrs have gone to death with songs and prayers on their lips that you and I and coming generations might have the truth."

Shall we not be true to these things? Shall we not maintain this noble character as a sacred heritage? This is the measure of heroes and saints. These are the men and women who have made history. They are the ancestors other nations and ages worship as deities. Shall we not stand, then, where they stood and for the same thing for which they stood? Shall we not join the great Christian forces, and start on in this splendid life? Will we let all of this burden fall on others? Shall the work cease, or will we rally to the rescue? What is your response today? Morals, truth, religion and the world need the missionary spirit more than anything else. We need it in society, politics, the world and the church. And perhaps more than all in the individual heart and in the home. We must quicken the Christian church and its members until they reach the spirit of sacrifice and of forgetting of self. Men and women who will represent great religious interests and stand for them in the great moral and religious issues of this century, are needed.—Rev. J. M. Reimansnyder D.D.

God's Handiwork.

The "very good" of the creation week was not God's last verdict upon his work, but this: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." God is better satisfied with Jesus than he ever could have been with Adam. And his final workmanship is the redeemed man who is "created anew in Christ Jesus." To every new-born soul the spirit witnesses, "well pleased," and to every glorified life the king shall say "Well done!"

A Good Meeting

Our good friend Priest Kyle, the new deputy sheriff of the Sixteenth district, was in town last Wednesday and reported a fine meeting in progress at Prospect, the Baptist church at Hollow Rock. The meeting is being conducted by Rev. J. G. Cooper, the pastor, assisted by Rev. D. S. Brinkley, of Union City. Mr. Kyle says they are doing some fine preaching and some additions have already been added to the church. The meeting is well attended, the interest is fine and the services will continue through this week and part of next week.

Any skin itching is a temper tester. The more you scratch the worse it itches. Doan's Ointment is for piles, eczema—any skin itching. 50c at all drug stores.

Will Boom Huntingdon

It may be of interest to the friends of J. H. Skidmore, who just recently sold his farm, to know they may have the pleasure of seeing him quite often as he has associated himself with Jenkins & Son in the real estate business and will boom Huntingdon in Ohio. We expect Mr. Skidmore to be of valuable assistance in turning in emigration toward Huntingdon, as he will be able to give them facts from his own experience, which he says has been pleasant and profitable.

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COULDN'T READ THEN.

An optician said, when humor was mentioned: "My business sees fun occasionally. I had a case myself a day or two ago. An old dandy came into the store and said he wanted a pair of spectacles. The clerk tried one lens on his eyes, and pointed to the paragraphs on a piece of cardboard. 'Can you read that?' he asked. 'No, suh,' replied the dandy. The customer tried another pair, and another pair, and many others, declaring he could not read with any of them. Finally the clerk, out of patience, asked: 'Well, say, can you read at any time?' The negro smiled broadly and answered: 'No, suh, that's why I want glasses. My wife she read yod' advertisement sayin' as how anybody could read with yod' glasses, so I thought I might as well come an' try 'em all.'"—New York Tribune.

Better Business.

The \$10,000 pitcher disputed a decision, kicked vigorously, and got put out of the game. The manager took him aside.

"You're new to the team and IT excuse you this time."

"What's that?"

"Listen to me. Don't never get put out of the game again for kicking. You're too expensive. Let one of them cheap outfielders do the kicking. Get me?"

The pitcher said he did.

SQUARE DEAL.



The Vanquished—But you're twice my size!

The Victor—Dat's all right. I'll give you two chances den. Stand up again!

No Mystery.

As he'er into a mirror gazed To primp her hair, before, behind, Dear reader, pray be not amazed, The woman whom I sing was blind

Neighborly.

"Who is that woman sitting on your side porch?"

"Hush. She's my next door neighbor."

"What is she doing there?"

"Why, she's interested in a serial story in a magazine I let her take and now she's waiting for me to bring home the next number."

"Rather cheeky, isn't it?"

"No, no. I've got her lawn mower."

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J. M. Moore, farmer, Paris, Tenn., says: "I can strongly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills for they did me a world of good. I had been troubled for years with pains across my side that made it hard for me to stoop and I also had backache. My kidneys were weak and the kidney secretions were irregular in passage. Hearing that Doan's Kidney Pills cured other people, I gave them a trial and I was well satisfied with what they did. My kidneys were restored to normal condition and my pains and aches were soon relieved."

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